

## Bogey's Bonnie Belle

Christy Moore

As I went by Huntleigh town  
One evening for to see  
I met with Bogey O' Cairnee  
And with him I did agree

To care for his two best horses  
Or cart or harrow or plough  
Or anything about farm work  
That I very well should know

Old Bogey had a daughter  
Her name was Isobel  
She's the lily of the valley  
And the primrose of the dell

And when she went out walking  
She took me for her guide  
Down by the Burn O'Cairnee  
To watch the small fish glide

And when three months was past and gone  
This girl she lost her bloom  
The red fell from her rosy cheeks  
And her eyes began to swoon

And when nine months were past and gone  
She bore to me a son  
And I was straight sent for  
To see what could be done

I said that I would marry her  
But that it would nae do  
You're no a match for the bonny wee girl  
And she's no match for you

Now she's married to a tinker lad  
That comes from Huntleigh town  
He sells pots and pans and paraffin lamps  
And scours the country round

Maybe she's had a better match  
Old Bogey can nae tell  
So fair well ye lads o Huntleigh town  
And to Bogey's Bonnie Belle